

"THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE."—CHRIST.

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FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

"HAVE you attended to the business I spoke of particularly, yesterday?" asked Mr. Lambert, a wealthy owner of real estate, addressing an intelligent, air-looking young man, who sat at the desk.

Charles Burchard, colouring with embarrassment, answered in a frank tone:

"I have neglected to follow your instructions."

"Young man, if you think I will pass over this carelessness—"

"I beg your pardon," said Charles, with a face like marble, but speaking in a calm tone, "I am guilty of no carelessness. I endeavoured to do my duty—"

"Your duty was to follow my instructions. Number twenty-three has been closing business for me long enough."

"I visited the family," rejoined Charles, "and it seemed to me that, had you seen what I saw, you would not have had me apply the extremity of the law to their miserable case. They are very poor—they are sick—they are suffering. You would not have had the heart to—"

"Charles Burchard, since you prefer your way of doing business to mine, it is not proper that we should work together any longer."

"I have thought myself," said Charles, "that since I cannot conscientiously pursue the extremes you deem necessary, it will be best for me to quit your service, I am ready," he added, fixing his cold eye upon Mr. Lambert's face, "I am ready to go."

"Well, sir, we will have a statement once. How much am I indebted to you? What is your due?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! How—how is this?"

"You will see. Cast your eye over this page."

"Yes—I perceive—you have taken up your wages lately, as soon as due. This is a new thing, however. But I presume you have invested your money advantageously?"

"I have tried to make a Christian use of it," answered Charles, coldly.

"Have you been dealing in stocks?"

"What small funds I could command I have used."

"Bless me, Charles! I thought you a steady young man; and how you can have consumed your entire salary I am unable to conceive."

"And I presume I should be unable to explain to your satisfaction, sir. It is a subject which it can avail nothing to converse upon. If you get a man in my place immediately, I should be willing to save you the trouble of instructing him in the state of your business."

"Charles," exclaimed Mr. Lambert, "I dislike to part with you so. We have always agreed until this time."

"Six months ago," replied Charles Burchard, "this family in No. 23 could not pay their quarter's rent. I had orders to turn them into the street. I did not do it."

"Well," said Mr. Lambert, hardening himself, "I have rules with regard to my tenants that cannot be broken. I have rules with regard to persons in my employ, which nothing can induce me to break. Justice is my motto. It is a good one; I shall stand by it."

"Mercy is a better one, sometimes," replied Charles, softly. "Justice is admirable in all—but, mercy in the powerful is godlike."

Thus Mr. Lambert parted with his

faithful clerk. Another took the place of Charles Burchard, and the latter was without a situation.

About the first business Mr. Carroll the new clerk, attended to, concerned the poor family in No. 23.

"They vacate the premises immediately," he said to Mr. Lambert. "But there is some mystery about that family; they made allusions to yourself, which I was unable to understand."

"To me?"

"Yes, sir; they spoke of your kindness to them—"

"My kindness!" Mr. Lambert coloured.

"The woman is an invalid," said Mr. Carroll. The man is a fine-looking, intellectual person, with thin cheeks, a broad, pale forehead, and bright, expressive eyes. He has been for a year at work on some mechanical invention, which he believes is going to be of vast benefit."

"I have heard Mr. Burchard speak of that," replied Mr. Lambert. "But what did these people say of me?"

"They have received benefits from you for which they are very grateful."

"It is a mere taunt—insolent irony," muttered Mr. Lambert.

"I assure you, sir, there were tears in the poor woman's eyes when she said it. She was sincere."

Mr. Lambert was greatly perplexed by this inexplicable conversation of his clerk; but he concealed his feelings, and leaving Mr. Carroll to believe he was a man who did a great deal of good in a quiet way, went himself to make an attempt to explore the mystery, by visiting No. 23.

He found the Wards making preparations to vacate the premises. To a beautiful girl, with a handkerchief over her head, who was carrying a small article of furniture to the hall, he made known his wish to see Mr. Ward.

As these two individuals had never met, the landlord was obliged to introduce himself.

"I feel highly honoured—I am thankful for this new indication of kindness," said Mr. Ward, with emotion.

"I understand," said Mr. Lambert,

"that you have been at work on an important mechanical invention."

"Yes, sir, and I am happy to inform you that it is completed."

Mr. Lambert had hitherto regarded his tenant as visionary. He did not look like one, he did not speak like one.

"I have concluded that I might as well permit you to remain a short time longer—although I am myself pressed for money," he said, with a thoughtful air.

"My dear sir," exclaimed Mr. Ward, "this is a favour I had no right to expect, notwithstanding all you have done for us; but I am sincerely grateful. Your debt I consider sacred; those many benefits shall never be forgotten."

"Benefits! I am not aware that you are much indebted to me—"

"You are pleased to say so, but for two quarters' rent you gave me receipts in full, relying upon my honour for payment at some future time. I have also received sums to aid me in prosecuting my invention. I have at no time doubted but that they came from you."

Mr. Lambert pressed his forehead with his hand. After a pause he said

"And why, may I ask—why did you—give me credit?"

"Excuse me for mentioning the subject," said Mr. Ward, with emotion, "but although you parted in anger from your sister—"

"Sir!" exclaimed Mr. Lambert, starting, and changing colour.

"Hers was a pardonable offence," said Mr. Ward. "She declined marrying the man whom you chose for a husband. You disowned her; you never met her since. But this was years ago, and I knew you could not cherish resentment so long."

"My God!" cried Mr. Lambert. "What do you mean! I have heard nothing of her for twenty years. I know not what has become of her."

Mr. Ward fixed his eyes upon his landlord in speechless astonishment.

"Is it possible?" he murmured. "Are you serious?"

"Upon my soul I have made inquiries for Mary, without success. I have supposed her dead."

"Then these benefits have not been bestowed because—"

"Sir, I know nothing of what you say. I die with suspense! If you know anything of Mary, tell me what has become of her."

The tenant's eye looked searchingly and earnestly into the landlord's face; then taking him by the arm, he led him deliberately and softly into another room.

There was a pale, thin woman sitting in an arm-chair. She started on seeing two men enter, and uttered a faint cry of surprise.

"My brother!"

"Mary!" gasped Mr. Lambert. "Can it be my sister?"

"Your sister and my wife!" said Mr. Ward.

* * * * *

An hour later, Mr. Lambert might have been seen entering Charles Burchard's lodging. The young man was at home. With surprise he greeted his employer. The latter was apparently excited by the occurrence of some recent event.

"Young man," said he, "I have returned in what way you have used your salary the past year."

"Sir!"

"You have compromised me; I—I do not wish to blame you; but you would not have left the Ward family to suppose the money they received came from me. You paid their rent, and gave them receipts in my name?"

"And do they know it?" cried Charles.

"Why should they not? Why did you not act openly with them?"

"I had no thought that you would be injured by being suspected of helping them, and I had my reasons for not wishing to be known as the author of the benefits," said Charles, blushing.

"I demand your reasons."

"The truth is, I must confess it. I—hope some day to marry Mary Ward—"

"Ah?"

"She is a worthy girl, sir—"

"But this is no reason!" exclaimed Mr. Lambert.

"Well, then, you must know, sir, that I advanced money to the family

openly," said Charles, recovering his self-possession, and his face beaming with frankness, "there was a possibility that I might be suspected of unworthy motives. And again, even had it been otherwise, and I could have won Miss Ward, as I would have wished to win her, she might have loved me more from a sense of gratitude than for myself; and I would not have bought her love. As it is, I—I hope she loves me for what I am, and that she will accept my hand, when I am in a position to support a wife."

"Charles," said Mr. Lambert, pressing the young man's hand, "I honour you. You have acted nobly. Return to your situation; you shall have the entire control of my business; your salary shall be doubled."

"But Mr. Carroll—"

"He is not permanently engaged. I will procure a place for him. Charles, you must come back! I confess I have acted wrong in this manner. To tell you a secret, Mrs. Ward is my own sister!"

"Your sister!"

"I do not wonder at your astonishment; but it cannot equal mine, when I learned the fact this morning. I disclaimed all connection with her twenty years ago, because she refused to marry a man who was my friend. I was unjust. Afterwards she married Mr. Ward, of whom I knew nothing. She supposed, however, that I might have learned the facts, and all the favours they have received from you have thus been credited to me. But it shall be made all right. I thank heaven that I have now an opportunity to atone for my injustice to an only sister, and to thank you for the lesson in humanity you have taught me. Wealthy as I am, I shall never again distress a tenant for rent without ascertaining whether he is deserving of any favours."

Mr. Lambert was not permitted to do all the good he proposed to his sister's family. In a few days Mr. Ward's patent was decreed, and his fortune made.

Mr. Lambert had lost no time in acquainting his relatives with the nature of their indebtedness to Charles Burchard. If they esteemed and loved

this generous-hearted young man before, what was now their admiration of his noble qualities! None, however, felt their influence like Miss Ward. The only way in which she could express her joy, gratitude, and love was by becoming his wife, with a dowry which relieved him of the care of providing for the comforts of life. Prosperous in business, happy in his domestic relations, Charles Burchard often had occasion to look back with a smile to the time when he left the service of Mr. Lambert "for conscience sake."

E. C. LOVERING.

A HYMN TO THE SPIRIT.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would gracious be;
And with words that help and heal,
Would Thy life in mine reveal;
And with actions bold and meek,
Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me;
I myself would truthful be;
And with wisdom kind and clear,
Let thy life in mine appear:
And with actions brotherly
Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Tender Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would tender be:
Shut my heart up like a flower,
In temptation's darksome hour,
Open it when shines the sun,
And His love by fragrance own.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would quiet be,
Quiet as the growing blade,
Which through earth its way hath made,
Silently like morning light,
Putting mists and chills to flight.

Mighty Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would mighty be,
Mighty so as to prevail
Where unaided man must fail,
Ever, by a mighty hope,
Pressing on, and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me,
I myself would holy be.
Separate from sin, I would
Choose and cherish all things good,
And whatever I can be,
Give to Him who gave me thee.

J. LYNN.

SOURCE OF PERSONAL BEAUTY.

A BEAUTIFUL person is the natural form of a beautiful soul. The mind builds its own house. The soul takes precedence of the body, and shapes the body to its own likeness. A vacant mind takes all the meaning out of the fairest face. A sensual disposition deforms the handsomest features. A cold, selfish heart shrivels and distorts the best looks. A mean, grovelling spirit takes all the dignity out of the figure and all the character out of the countenance. A cherished hatred transforms the most beautiful limbs into an image of ugliness. It is as impossible to preserve good looks with a brood of bad passions feeding on the blood, a set of low loves tramping through the heart, and a selfish, cowardly spirit enthroned in the will, as to preserve the beauty of an elegant mansion with a litter of swine in the basement, a tribe of gipsies in the parlour, and owls and vultures in the upper part. Badness and beauty will no more keep company a great while than poison will consort with health, or an elegant carving survive the furnace fire. The experiment of putting them together has been tried for thousands of years, but with one unvarying result. There is no sculptor like the mind. There is nothing that so refines, polishes, and ennobles face and mien as the constant presence of great thoughts. The man who lives in a region of ideas, moonbeams though they be, becomes idealised. There are no arts, no gymnastics, no cosmetics which can contribute a tithe so much of the dignity, the strength, the nobility of a man's looks, as a great purpose, a high determination, a noble principle, an unquenchable enthusiasm. But more powerful still than any of these as a beautifier of the person is the overmastering purpose and pervading disposition of kindness in the heart. Affection is the organising force in the human constitution. Woman is fairer than man because she has more affection than man. Loveliness is the child of love. Kindness, sweetened with goodwill, a prevailing desire and de-

ination to make others happy, make the body a temple of the Holy Ghost. The soul that is full of pure and generous affections, fashions the features to its own angelic likeness, as the rose by inherent impulse grows in grace and blossoms into loveliness which art cannot equal. There is nothing on earth which so quickly transfigures a personality, refines, exalts, irradiates with heaven's own impress of loveliness, as a pervading, prevailing kindness of heart. The angels are beautiful because they are good, and God is beautiful because He is love.

ARTHUR'S FIRST DAYS AT SCHOOL.

As I PROMISED my young friends I would tell them a few more words about Arthur when he was quite a little boy. He was between five and six years old the first day he was sent to school, and I remember he was dressed in a little grey tunic, with a bright blue cord around it tied in front with two silk tassels. The schoolmistress was a very tall lady with rather a severe expression, and there used to be a cupboard behind her chair which contained a cake, and also generally something much better in the shape of cake or gingerbread. There were about twenty little boys divided into three classes, and Arthur was taken to a very nice, kind-looking young lady, who tried to find out how much he knew to begin with, so she commenced by asking him to count. Now Arthur had known how to count when he was a very little boy, and he could not imagine any one asking a man of his mature age, five and a-half years, to count, so he said he did not know what she wanted him to do. The governess then said, "Count twenty. One, two—" Arthur said, "You don't mean you want me to count one, two, three, four?" and he tumbled off the rest like lightning up to twenty. The governess burst out laughing, and said, "Not so fast, not so fast, my little man; count quite slowly," which Arthur then did; but I have heard him say that even now, to this day, he does not think he has quite got over the fall his pride received at

the indignity put upon him by his being asked to count twenty. After this commencement, Arthur had to read a little, and do some simple writing on a slate; and by and by a nice large piece of cake out of the cupboard I mentioned behind the governess's chair was handed round to each of the little boys, who were told that the cake came from one of their kind mammas; and another day I remember Arthur asked his mamma to send a cake to the school, so that all the little boys might have a piece of his cake as he had had of theirs.

I remember there was one little boy about seven years old who used to ride to the school on a beautiful pony, and Arthur begged his papa and mamma to let him have just such another lovely little pony. Arthur's papa and mamma, who loved him very dearly, would have been pleased to give him anything that was good for him, but they thought a pony much too expensive a present for a little boy like Arthur, and they told him that parents had to consider whether they could afford to spend all the money these things cost.

I remember very well that about two months afterwards the father of the little boy with the lovely pony failed in business, and the pony was sold, and most of the furniture, and the little boy had to leave the school and go away into a much cheaper house; and I am afraid the pony had made him proud and idle, for he was not at all a good boy at school, but I hope now he has grown into a wiser man, for I have never heard of him since.

I told you there was a cane as well as a cake in the cupboard behind the schoolmistress. I know Arthur never had a cut with it, but it was once shown to him when he was crying very bitterly, because the servant who was usually sent to bring him home was delayed for some reason, and all the other little boys had gone home except the boarders, and they were all seated at dinner, and Arthur, like a silly little boy as he was, began actually to be afraid that his dear mamma had forgotten her poor little son; but by and by mamma came herself to fetch him, and as soon as he saw her all his tears vanished in a shout of joy.

HALLOWED BE THY NAME.

OFTEN is it true that earnest, honest Christians utter prayers that they do not half comprehend. They ask with weak faith for things of which they have but a vague sense of need, and far from their minds is the expectation of immediate and literal answer. This is true, no doubt, to a greater or less extent with us all.

Much as we feel our weakness, many and great as we know our needs to be, our language often expresses more than we know. It is aptly chosen, perhaps, and expresses as nearly as language can our emotions and desires, yet if we were capable of feeling ten-fold more intensely, and could see the lofty spiritual heights to which our souls should attain ten-fold more clearly, the same words would still entirely express our heart's increased desires. Words mean much or little according to our understanding of the subject to which they relate. For instance, the word Christian may signify more to one person than to another, for the reason that the one appreciates the beauty and grandeur of the character of Christ more fully than the other.

When one stands in the valley, his view is very limited,—he sees but little, and that little is made up of objects close about him; but when he mounts to the hill top his view is immeasurably extended. He sees not only the objects in the valley, but those away upon the plains beyond. So when one is weak in faith, and ignorant of spiritual things, he sees and appreciates very little of the vast realm of truth. But as his soul grows stronger, as he rises step by step to the heights of faith and knowledge, the boundary of his spiritual horizon is extended, and the word that means much to the one in the valley, means vastly more to his spiritually minded brother. Each may pray in entire sincerity, "Father, make me a perfect Christian," yet while one feels very little of the broad significance of the prayer, the other comprehends how great a thing it is to be a follower of Christ.

Two persons may sincerely utter the publican's prayer, but with vastly

different degrees of feeling. One acknowledges to himself in a general way that, notwithstanding he tries to do about what is right, and, upon the whole, does very well indeed, he still is not perfect, he is liable to err—indeed, often commits sins of a trifling magnitude, and he prays with earnestness proportioned to his slight sense of unworthiness and need, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." But he cannot feel that he is such a sinner as others confess themselves to be. Though ready to admit that he is not in all respects what he ought to be, he yet contemplates his state of mind and record of life with such a degree of satisfaction that he sees no reason for prostrating himself before God and availing himself of His mercy. How many are in this frame of mind! Another whose outward life is as fair as that of the complacent soul remembers how good God has been to him, how safeguards have been providentially thrown around him all his life, that prevented him committing outbreaking sins, and is devoutly grateful; but he has, at the same time, such a view of his own shortcomings, of misused blessings, of neglected opportunities, of inexcusable yielding to slight temptations, of ingratitude, thoughtlessness, and coldness of heart, that there comes home to the soul a deep sense of unworthiness, a overwhelming conviction of the truth that among those enjoying the same light, and surrounded by the same favourable circumstances, he is the chief of transgressors. Those who look at their own hearts and lives as they are before Heaven, divested of the gloss that vanity and self-righteousness throw over them, can seek God realising that from Him alone all their help must come; comprehending the unspeakable loathsomeness of sin, and taking refuge in His sweet compassion in a way that others know not. But we may not dwell upon these general illustrations. Strive as we will, we fail nearly always to understand and feel *all* that our words of prayer in the depth of the meaning might express. Especially is this the case with the Lord's Prayer. Its brief sentences are so many well-springs of feeling, thought, and life

and none of them is more richly fraught with soul-inspiring lessons and suggestions than the petition which is our theme.

It is an expression of three-fold significance. It is praise and prayer and thanksgiving in one word, as it were ; and yet we suppose that not one of the descriptions or petitions of the Lord's Prayer is used by people generally with so little real understanding of the meaning involved in this. We are constrained to believe that these words fall upon the ears of multitudes as so much of an empty sound, and they are accepted in the minds of very many with the vague impression that they constitute little more than a rhetorical flourish. "Hallowed be Thy name." What do these words imply? What do they mean to a soul that apprehends their import, and makes them its own language of supplication in the spirit of Christ?

We answer that they are to such an one an acknowledgment of the infinite worthiness of Jehovah. In view of His goodness, mercy, truth, and love as they are manifested in His works, in His bountiful provision for every want of ours, in His revelations of spiritual light, He is the object of our supreme adoration and love. The contemplation of His character is the purest and loftiest exercise that can engage the human mind. His name is above every other, and must for ever remain sacred in our eyes. We involuntarily in our heart of hearts exclaim with the one of old, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name."

These words also are rich in meaning as an expression of our heart-felt thanksgiving for mercies past and present. He has given us abundant testimony that He is unchangeable and unvarying in His kindness towards us. As the Giver of life and health and peace, of food and shelter and raiment, we revere Him. The enjoyment of His gifts, furnishes each day renewed occasion for heart-felt thanksgiving. Each several blossom, and raindrop, and sunbeam that beautifies and blesses our life, furnishes an additional impulse to glorify and sanctify the name of the bounteous Giver. We pray,

"Hallowed be Thy Name," when our hearts overflow with joyful thanksgiving, and when words of ours are weak to express the depth of gratitude we feel. These words should be upon our lips not only an expression of homage and thankfulness, but also of intense desire that we, and all God's children, may be able in deed and in truth to hallow the name of our Father in Heaven. To Him all praise belongs. And while one soul fails to honour God, fails to yield Him supreme homage and love, the world's anthem of praise is not complete.

John, in his glorious vision upon Patmos, saw what we ought, above all things, to hope and pray for—all intelligent beings accepting the object of their creation, enjoying the highest privilege possible to them, the purification and elevation of their intellectual and spiritual natures until they could comprehend that there is indeed none in Heaven but Him, and none upon the earth to be desired besides Him. The Revelator heard every creature which is in heaven and on earth, under the earth and such as are in the sea, and all that are in them saying with one accord, "Blessing and honour and glory and power be unto Him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever." This is the reverence due unto His name. And when we pray that it may be hallowed, we ask with strong desire that this prophecy may be fulfilled, that every soul may be brought to love God and enjoy Him for ever. Only when this result is reached will the Father's name be glorified as it should be by every creature He has made. He cannot be made to be any more favourably disposed toward the family of man than He already is. Finite beings cannot add to His glory, nor strengthen the foundation of His government; but by meditation and prayer human souls may be lifted nearer to Him, and His name being sacred to these souls it is hallowed indeed in heart and life. Yet so meagre at best is our human conception of God, of His truth, of the moral excellence and earnest consecration that we ought to strive for, and that we shall

one day through the helping of heaven attain unto, that we catch in our hearts and minds but a glimpse of the deep meaning of this prayer.

It will be by degrees unfolded to us as we grow in grace and knowledge. We may be sure that this language will never in time or eternity lose its blessed significance. It is a prayer that we shall never outgrow or forget, and we shall ever more and more deeply feel the necessity and fitness of its praise and thanksgiving. Well do we know that when we lift our thoughts heavenward, and endeavour with all our powers to grasp the sweet meaning of that blessed name, "Our Father," when, entirely absorbed in solemn and rapturous thoughts of Him as sometimes we are, when we are forgetful of the low cares that drag us earthward, and the vesture of decay that so grossly blinds our spiritual sight when we pray, summoning every energy of an awakened soul, uniting them in this one petition, "Hallowed be Thy name," we yet feel that there is deeper meaning enfolded in these words than human heart can know.

Doubtless throughout the ages that are to come, those who once trod the paths of earth, angels while they sing and rejoice, and archangels while they bow and veil their faces before the throne, with united voices shall for ever pray, "Hallowed be Thy name."

All prayer suggests duty. The expression of the lips should be echoed in the life. What we pray for we shall, if we are in earnest, strive to attain unto. When we desire that God's name may be fitly honoured, held sacred, hallowed by all people, a corresponding course of conduct is suggested and required. The mere wish expressed or felt is not enough. "If ye love me," says the Saviour, "that is, if you enter into my spirit and are able to pray to the Father in my name, ye will keep my commandments." We by a necessity of our nature order our outward lives in accordance with the desire of the heart. And just in proportion as we keep the commandments practically we are able in spirit to draw near to God, and as we pray aright we are able to work

zealously and well in the vineyard of the Lord. Prayer, and faith, and work ought to be one and inseparable. We can scarcely have one without the others, and one can scarcely precede the others. If we believe in God, who disposes all our affairs, however we plan them, who with unlimited power and unchangeable goodness controls all things according to the counsel of His own will and pleasure, we spontaneously look to Him, trust in Him, and with or without formality we pray. But if we begin with prayer, we find that faith is present in the first petition. We may not believe all, but we do believe in some essential points if we pray. And if we do believe, and look to heaven for counsel and help, then most certainly we think, and speak, and act as becometh the Gospel of Christ.

In the utterance of this prayer we unite especially the elements of aspiration and endeavour. When we once desire that God may be glorified, His name hallowed by the children of men as by the angels above, we feel at once assured that some time in the future this must be. For then strife and dissensions must cease, and men must surely some time know as they are known, and see as they are seen of God. Their finite folly must give way in the light of His infinite love, and the prophecy be fulfilled, that God shall not always strive with man, for man shall yield himself a subject of the heavenly dominion.

And so the vision of faith opens up before us, and we see in prospect all things subdued unto him who came not to condemn the world, but that the world through him might be saved. We bring our outward lives into harmony with our assurance of this great and glorious future, and go out to the tempted, the erring, and the sorrowing, and lift them up and help them bear their burdens. We reach a hand to the little children too, and add to the joy and blessing of their childhood the knowledge of holiest truth, and the glorious hope of heaven. We lead them to Christ before the evil days come to them, and the beautiful faith they carry in their hearts to the future shall make it certain that to them the years can

never come when they shall say that they have no pleasure in them.

We are assured of final success in this good work, for the Father's name shall be hallowed in every place by every soul, and the eternal years of God shall prove that no labour is vain in Him.

THE DOOMED WOLF.

A PARABLE.

BY REV. A. C. THOMAS.

Our pleasant and somewhat retired village was in the midst of commotion. A revival of religion, commonly so called, was in "the full tide of successful experiment." The people, with few exceptions, attended the meetings, and they were greatly moved—for the moving preachers were there, armed with all and singular the terrors of Pandemonium, superadded to the blackness, and darkness, and tempests of Sinai. Shall not the aged tremble, and the youthful quake, when the strong man is bowed as a reed in the rush of the whirlwind?

But a circumstance occurred in the progress of the excitement, which wrought it up to the highest pitch of endurance, and then—the long agony was over—and the preachers departed—and the people removed—and the village became a waste and howling wilderness. Peruse the narrative, and deem it a vision, if thou wilt—nevertheless, diligently seek and consider the intent thereof.

It was a delightful afternoon in September. The outward harvest had been secured as the reward of industry, and a harvest of souls was being gathered in the sanctuary as the fruit of many days' excitement.

But there is a stir next the door. What means it? There are voices, and anon there are departures in haste. The whispers spread till they pervade the house—and there is a general uprising. The deacon announces the cause of the commotion. A ferocious wolf has been making depredations, not on the sheepfold (for that were a small matter) but on the children left at home. The meeting is dissolved, and woeful is the reality to many a parent's heart! The

wounded, and dying, and dead, are found in divers parts of the village. Ye preachers of revivalism! here is work for you—but remember, it is Gospel work. See that ye attend to it. "Comfort ye, comfort ye, my people, saith our Lord." Truly it is a sorrowful time—and will the funeral be less sorrowful? Verily there is work for you. See that ye comfort the people.

In the midst of it all, there is still revivalism, for is it not here a subject of most woeful and touching appeal? The heart is now open, and ye can look into it, and breathe into it your own will. But there shall come a more vivid theme. This ye can fathom—but that which shall be to-morrow ye cannot understand—and ye shall labour in vain to solve the mystery. Wherefore prepare.

On the morrow, ere the sun had risen, there was a fearful wolf-howl heard—a cry as of suffocating agony—and the mother clasped her babe still closer to her breast, and wept as she thought of the funeral scene of yesterday. And the men went forth to destroy the destroyer. Think ye that they went forth in quietness of feeling? But the destroyer was beyond their reach—for behold! he was suspended high in air, directly over the meeting-house! The villagers gathered in groups to contemplate the spectacle, and to exchange surmises in relation thereto. Those whose families have suffered by the devastation of the wolf, cannot conceal their gratification that he is now receiving the just punishment of his ferocity; and there are even a few who shout in exultation as they witness the doom of the destroyer. Let vengeance make haste—for the time is short.

Mysterious indeed, and awful, is the scene! He is suspended by the neck, yet not so as to prevent a continuous wild and agonising howl, nor a fierce struggle for release. The rope is distinctly seen, as the sun appears above the horizon—but it tapers upward, and upward, and is lost in the blaze of light. The preachers are aroused to solve the mystery. They come forth and gaze horrified. "It is the judgment of God," said they. And then the air resounded with a wild cry from the

struggling animal. "Hearken ye, and repent and believe," continued the preachers. And a deeper gloom settled down on the village.

The hour for meeting arrived—but who shall describe the feelings and thoughts, the saying and doings of that day? The solemn tones of the church-bell mingled with the doleful sounds above—and O what a worship-warning was heard in the combination! The hymns were sung—but the howl of the wolf mingled with the voice of the Psalm! And the sermon—imagine it, if thou wilt, but be not apprehensive of conceiving too horribly of its representations. The scene was laid, and

"Far in the deep where darkness dwells,
The land of horror and despair,"

an illustration was drawn from the perdition of the wolf, who struggled, and was not released—who howled, and was not comforted—who lives in torment, and shall not die.

The people were moved, even to intensity of woe. The sinful were convicted, the praying were converted, the penitent were redeemed; but there was no shout in the camp of Israel—for did not the wolf-howl chill the fevered blood of enthusiasm? Verily, verily, I say unto you, the sunshine of that day was obscured by clouds of gloom.

Noon arrived, and the people were dismissed with a benediction which they heard not—for their thoughts were with the agonised destroyer. And when they went forth and looked upwards they spake to each other of what they saw; and feeling and thought were expressed in tones of sorrow. The bereaved parent forgot his own dead child in sympathy for the living and tormented foe. No longer did any exult in what they beheld, but all desired the cessation of the spectacle. Did I not say, Let vengeance make haste, for the time is short? Consider it, and be wise.

What shall be done? A rifle is brought, and a strong arm elevates it, and a keen eye aims it, but the ball falls short of the mark. "Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God," said the deacon; "The destroyer cannot die!" Still another attempt is made, and

another—for were not the people *human*? Verily, they would even hazard the issue, for peradventure a fortunate shot might terminate the sufferings of the wolf. Are ye the men who so lately exulted in his woe? Nevertheless, in vain ye strive—for *the destroyer can not die!*

The bell again summons to public worship, but the summons is regarded by few. Why shouldst thou enter the sanctuary, and leave thy thoughts and feelings in the open air? Why shouldst thou listen to that which thou canst not hear? Or why shouldst thou elevate thy voice in the psalm, with the wolf howl ringing in thine ears? Thou canst not do it, unless thou wilt mock God.

And so the sanctuary is well-nigh deserted. Not so the streets of the village. Means are devised to release the sufferers—but desire hath not always the means of accomplishment—and all is vain. Put away thy rifle—for powder, and lead, and keen sight, and a strong arm will avail thee nought. The tapering rope is lost in the light. Dost thou not know that it is held by a hand which thou canst not see? Wilt thou fight against God? Thou canst not slay what he hath quickened into undying life.

Twilight came, and still the wolf was seen struggling and heard howling. Night shut out the sight—but darkness cannot smother sound. And what night to the people of that village! The wolf howled in his pangs, and the dogs howled in their terror. And shall the people sleep? Some stopped their ears—but they could not smother thought. Children nestled closer to their parents, and sank into a broken slumber—but old men and young men and matrons and maidens, saints and sinners, preachers and people—toiled through the weary night-watches, and rose unrefreshed at day-dawn, and went forth—and there still hung the destroyer, still struggling, and still sounding the doleful dirge of deathless doom.

Another day—and what a day! The bell will shortly summon you to the sanctuary. Wherefore will ye obey the call! Ye cannot sing the song of

praise. Ye cannot hear the pulpit message. Nevertheless, obey the summons. Go one, go all—for haply ye can *pray*. Pray for yourselves and for your children—for will ye sit down patiently and become mad? Ye are feverish with night-watching, and your nerves are not brass. Go, therefore, to the sanctuary and pray.

To the sanctuary they repair, and they pray. O, how fervently they pray! Even for *the wolf* they pray. "O Lord, it is enough! Merciful heaven, O how long?" Friends, remember the devastation of the destroyer. Remember the burial scene. Nevertheless, pray—for ye are *human*, and ye have been converted. "O Lord, most merciful! release the sufferer, lest thy people be cut off from the land!" And the wolf's wild wail sounded fearfully in the still air. "Or if this be not thy will, in great mercy permit the destroyer to die!" But the destroyer still struggled, and the woeful howl chilled every heart.

And they went forth from the sanctuary in despair. Sirs, ye may well be solemn in this time of gloom, for it is a solemn and gloomy thing to know that ye are within sight and hearing of an agonising creature which cannot die!

And so the day waxed till the meridian, and waned till the night-fall; and the people became haggard and grief-worn, and shut themselves up in their dwellings—but the voice of woe is a penetrating thing. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, nor whither it goeth." But what if thou knowest whence cometh the doleful sound which thou hearest this night? True, thou knowest not whither it goeth, nor what the end thereof shall be; nevertheless, thou hearest what thou listeth not; and thou shalt think of it, whither thou wilt hear or forbear.

But friends, ye are worried with watching, and ye will sleep. Peradventure ye will dream. Ay, *if* ye sleep, ye *will* dream—and ye will see, and hear, and feel, and think, and pray, and shudder! For are ye not human? And is humanity ever *dead* while soul

and spirit cling to the body? And while *ye* sleep, will the poor wolf repose on a bed of flowers? Yes, ye will dream this night—and also *ye* will suffer, and awake in agony.

Another day has dawned, and the same sun has risen, and the same people have gone forth to gaze on the same spectacle. Humanity can bear much, but it cannot bear everything. A few days ago, there was a burial scene, and there were maledictions on the suspended wolf. But vengeance is swallowed up and lost in sympathy; and the desire now is, that the destroyer may be permitted to die! A small boon, surely—but he cannot die—and the people cannot remain to behold him writhing in pain, and to hear the woeful wail of a dreadful doom.

And, family by family, they prepare to depart. It is a common impulse. No one asks his neighbour. Why? for everyone has the answer in his own heart; nor, Whither? for everyone feels that he neither knows nor cares, provided he can flee from the awful spectacle. And ere the sunset of a fortnight, they are all far, far away. Only one living creature is in or near the village, and that living creature cannot die!

And grass has sprung up, and nettles, where happy children were wont to play; and desolation covers the long-hallowed scenes of domestic joy. And the wind sweeps mournfully through the dwellings fast falling to decay, bearing with it the doleful howl of the still suspended and still suffering destroyer!

The once happy villagers are scattered far and wide; but they have not forgotten the fearful spectacle, nor any of its circumstances; and when they present themselves at the throne of grace, they remember to pray that the poor wolf may be permitted to die!

"Well, and what is the meaning of this improbable story about a doomed wolf?"

First tell me wherein it is improbable, except in the suspension of the destroyer? And is it more improbable that God has suspended a wolf, and will

not grant him the small boon of permission to die, than that he will ever immortalise some of his own offspring, merely that they may suffer undying pangs?

If thou hadst been in that village wouldst thou not have prayed for the wolf? Verily, if thou hast the heart of humanity, thou wouldst PRAY EVEN FOR THE DEVIL, under such circumstances?

Friend, thy imagination has peopled a gloomy world of endless despair. Suppose, if thou wilt, that a score of those woeful sufferers, instead of being wholly out of sight and hearing, were suspended in the heavens, directly over thy dwelling. Thou canst see them writhing in deepest pangs—thou canst hear their continuous wail of despair, tortured as they are in every fibre! Among the number are some of thine own kindred and friends—perhaps thy father, mother, or child!—once happy—now doomed forever! How long couldst thou stand unmoved? What! already praying for their release?—or, haply, that they may be permitted to die? Even so. And I tell thee, friend, that if thy prayer were long unanswered, thou wouldst curse God in the bitterness of thy heart, and flee from the horrible scene!

But whither wilt thou flee? They follow thee. In the broad glare of day they are still seen suspended over thy head. In the pale moon-beams, and in the cold star light, thou shalt still behold their struggles; and thine ears shall ever be filled with their terrific cry! Thou mayst dig a cave and exclude thyself from the day, but thou canst not stifle thought, nor canst thou strangle either memory or imagination! The scene of horror is with thee still, and fearful is the agony of thy soul. Pray God that the doomed may die, or thou wilt soon be mad?

BETTER be upright with poverty than wicked with plenty.

NOTHING is easier than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no brains, no character are required to set up in the grumbling business. But those who are moved by a genuine desire to do good have little time for murmuring or complaint.

DR. DORRIDGE'S DREAM.

It is not strange that such a man as Dr. Doddridge, who lived as every Christian ought to live, in intimate communion with God daily, quite in the precincts of heaven, and whose heart and soul were continually anticipating the joys of that glorious world, should have been the subject of the following remarkable dream:—

Dr. Doddridge was on terms of very intimate friendship with Dr. Samuel Clarke, and in religious conversation they spent many happy hours together. Among other matters, a very favourite topic was the intermediate state of the soul, and the probability that at the instant of dissolution it was not introduced into the presence of all the heavenly hosts, and the splendours around the throne of God. One evening, after a conversation of this nature, Dr. Doddridge retired to rest with his mind full of the subject discussed, and, in the "visions of the night," his ideas were shaped into the following beautiful form:—He dreamed that he was at the house of a friend, when he was suddenly taken dangerously ill. By degrees he seemed to grow worse, and at last to expire. In an instant he was sensible that he exchanged the prison-house and sufferings of mortality for a state of liberty and happiness. Embodied in a splendid ærial form, he seemed to float in a region of pure light. Beneath him lay the earth, but not a glittering city or village, the forest or the sea, was visible. There was nought to be seen below save the melancholy group of friends, weeping around his remains.

Himself thrilled with delight, he was surprised at their tears, and attempted to inform them of his change, but, by some mysterious power, utterance was denied; and, as he anxiously leaned over the mourning circle, gazing fondly upon them, and struggling to speak, he rose silently upon the air; their forms became more and more distant, and gradually melted away from his sight. Reposing upon golden clouds, he found himself swiftly mounting the skies, with a venerable figure at his side, guiding his mysterious movement, and in whose countenance he remarked the linea-

ments of youth and age were blended together with an intimate harmony and majestic sweetness. They travelled through a vast region of empty space, until at length the battlements of a glorious edifice shone in the distance, and as its form rose brilliant and distinct among the far-off shadows that fitted across their path, the guide informed him that the palace he beheld was for the present to be his mansion of rest. Gazing upon its splendour, he replied, that while on earth he had heard, that eye had not seen, nor had the ear heard, nor could it enter into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for those who love Him; but, notwithstanding the building to which they were then rapidly approaching was superior to anything he had ever before seen, yet its grandeur had not exceeded the conceptions he had formed.

The guide introduced him into a spacious apartment, at the extremity of which stood a table covered with a snow-white cloth, a golden cup, and a cluster of grapes, and there he said he must remain, for he would receive in a short time a visit from the Lord of the mansion, and that, during the interval before his arrival, the apartment would furnish him with sufficient entertainment and instruction. The guide vanished, and he was left alone. He began to examine the decorations of the room, and observed that the walls were adorned with a number of pictures. Upon nearer inspection he found that they formed a complete biography of his own life.

Here he saw upon the canvas angels, though unseen, had ever been his familiar attendants, and, sent by God, they had sometimes preserved him from immediate peril. He beheld himself first as an infant just expiring, when his life was prolonged by an angel gently breathing into his nostrils. Most of the occurrences here delineated were perfectly familiar to his recollection, and unfolded many things which he had never before understood, and which had perplexed him with many doubts and much uneasiness. Among others, he was particularly struck with a picture in which he was represented

as falling from his horse, when death would have been inevitable had not an angel received him in his arms, and broken the force of his descent. These merciful interpositions of God filled him with joy and gratitude, and his heart overflowed with love as he surveyed in them all an exhibition of goodness and mercy far beyond all that he had imagined.

Suddenly his attention was arrested by a rap at the door. The Lord of the mansion had arrived—the door opened, and he entered. So powerful and so overwhelming, and withal of such singular beauty, was his appearance, that he sank down at his feet, completely overcome by his majestic presence. His Lord gently raised him from the ground, and, taking his hand, led him forward to the table. He pressed with his fingers the juice of the grapes into the cup, and after having drank himself, presented it to him, saying, "This is the new wine in my Father's kingdom." No sooner had he partaken, than all uneasy sensations vanished. Perfect love had cast out fear, and he conversed with his Saviour as an intimate friend. Like the silver rippling of the summer sea, he heard fall from his lips the grateful approbation: "Thy labours are over, thy work is approved, rich and glorious is thy reward." Thrilled with an unspeakable bliss, that glided into the very depths of his soul, he suddenly saw glories upon glories bursting upon his view. The doctor awoke. Tears of rapture from his joyful interview were rolling down his cheeks. Long did the lively impressions of this charming dream remain upon his mind, and never could he speak of it without emotions of joy and tenderness.

A BABY'S PRAYER.

'Tis sweet to hear a baby pray,
But oft she says the words in play.
My babe I taught the other day
To God, in prayer, these words to say—
"God bless papa, ma, Sophy, Bell,"
Who, after me, the words did tell,
But soon, confused in little noddy,
My pet cried out—"Soph bless Duddy."
Then I saw it was not time
To broach the subject of my rhyme.
It was too soon, by near a year,
To teach my babe sweet words of prayer.

JOHN B. THWAITES.

LOST IN A SNOWSTORM.

Soon after the snowstorm began in earnest—or rather I entered the storm, which had been going on there for several hours. By that time I had reached the prairie, only eight miles from Longmount, and pushed on. It was simply fearful. It was twilight from the thick snow, and I faced a furious east wind, loaded with fine, hard-frozen crystals, which literally made my face bleed. I could only see a very short distance anywhere; the drifts were often two feet deep, and only now and then through the blinding whirl I caught a glimpse of snow through which withered sunflowers did not protrude, and then I knew that I was on the track. But reaching a wild place I lost it, and still cantered on, trusting to the pony's sagacity. It failed for once, for she took me on a lake, and we fell through the ice into the water, one hundred yards from land, and had a hard fight back again. It grew worse and worse. I had wrapped up my face, but the sharp, hard snow beat on my eyes—the only exposed part—bringing tears into them, which froze and closed up my eyelids at once. You cannot imagine what that was. I had to take off one glove to pick one eye open, for as to the other, the storm beat so savagely against it that I left it frozen, and drew over it the double piece of flannel which protected my face. I could hardly keep the other open by picking the ice from it constantly with my numb fingers, in doing which I got the back of my hand slightly frostbitten. It was truly awful at the time. I often thought, "Suppose I am going south instead of east. Suppose Birdie should fall. Suppose it should grow quite dark. I was mountaineer enough to shake these fears off and keep up my spirits, but I knew that many had perished on the prairie in similar storms. I calculated that if I did not reach Longmount in half an hour it would be quite dark, and that I should be so frozen or paralysed with cold that I should fall off. Not a quarter after I had wondered how long I could hold on I saw, to my surprise, close to me,

half smothered in snow, the scattered houses and blessed lights of Longmount, and welcome indeed its wide, dreary, lifeless, soundless road looked. When I reached the hotel I was so benumbed that I could not get off, and the worthy host lifted me off and carried me in. Not expecting any travellers, they had no fire except in the bar-room, so they took me to the stove in their own room, gave me hot grog and plenty of blankets, and in half an hour I was all right and ready for a ferocious meal. "If there's any traveller on the prairie to-night, God help him!" the host had said to his wife just before I came in. —Miss Bird's "*Letters from the Rocky Mountains*."

PECULIARITIES OF SOME ANIMALS.

CATS are affectionate; they love young chickens, sweet cream, and the best place in front of the fire-place.

Dogs are very faithful; they will stick to a bone when everybody else has deserted it.

The donkey is an emblem of patience; but if you study him closer you will find that laziness is what is the matter with him.

The eagle is the monarch of the skies; but the little king bird will chase him to his hiding-place.

Monkeys are imitative; but if they can't imitate some mischief they are not happy.

Hens know when it is going to rain and shelter themselves; but they will try to hatch out a glass egg just as honestly as they will one of their own.

The elephant has the least, and the rabbit the most, eyes for its size; and a rat's tail is just the length of its body.

The roof of the thoroughbred dog's mouth is always black; so is the bottom of a cat's foot who is a good mouser.

The serpent and the crab change their clothing each year; and the racoon lives all the winter long on the memory of what he ate in summer.

EVERY YEAR.

BY ALBERT PIKE.

THE spring has less of brightness
Every year,
And the snow a ghastlier whiteness
Every year,
Nor do summer flowers quicken,
Nor autumn fruitage thicken
As they once did, for they sicken
Every year.

It is growing darker, colder,
Every year,
As the heart and soul grow older,
Every year;
I care not now for dancing,
Or for eyes with passion glancing,
Love is less and less entrancing
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year;
Of the charms of friendship ended
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me,
Until time to death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

Ah ! how sad to look before us
Every year,
While the cloud grows darker o'er us
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded,
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year,
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year;
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us,
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us
Every year.

"You are growing old," they tell us,
"Every year ;
You are more alone," they tell us,
"Every year ;
You can win no new affection,
You have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year."

Yes ! the shores of life are shifting
Every year,
And we are seaward drifting
Every year ;
Old places, changing, fret us ;
The living more forget us,
There are fewer to regret us
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year,
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year ;
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burdens lighter,
And the dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.

CONTENTMENT.

HAPPY the man, "it has been said,"
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with
bread,
His simple wants supply.
Who is content to dwell alone
In solitude, to pass unknown ;
And unlamented die.

Who from this stormy world would steal,
Indifferent to its woe or weal,
Its sorrow or its pain.
Who thinks "through solitude to find"
A healthy, godly, state of mind,
And so contentment gain.

All false delusion ! selfish thought !
Contentment comes, when rightly sought,
She has her time and place.
'Tis duty brings her to the breast,
A working faith will bid her rest,
And shine upon her face.

The hermit in his lonely cell
May sigh and weep, his bead may tell
Apart from toil and strife ;
But they who 'mongst their fellows go,
Helping, working, sharing woe,
Lead far the better life.

Like some broad river, deep and wide,
With verdure clothed upon each side,
Calm in its depths below.
Bestowing health to all around,
Restoring bloom to barren ground
Wherever it doth flow.

Content to do the thing that's right,
They keep their leader's plume in sight,
And follow him apace.
These men "alone" contentment know,
Their labour fans the steady glow,
That shines upon their face.

And when their work on earth is done,
"The long contested battle won,"
They'll rest for evermore.
And he who gave them nerve and sight,
To pierce the darkness, win the fight,
Will greet them on the shore.

Contentment then will visit each,
Her treasures lay within their reach,
Her golden fruit bestow.
They rest beneath the cooling shade,
They wander through the flowery glade,
They watch the river's flow.

JOHN HUTCHESON.

WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

DOING THE GAMEKEEPER.—Two men were out shooting; one had a licence, the other hadn't. A keeper approached, and the one that had a licence ran away. The keeper was a good runner, and an exciting race ensued over about a mile and a-half of nice ploughed fields. At last the keeper got up to the runaway. "Now, sir, where's your licence?" It was produced. "Then why the — did you run away?" "Oh, I'm fond of exercise," answered the man; "but don't you think you'd better ask my friend if he has one?" But he was gone.

SIMPLE LIVING.—When Agassiz visited Oken, the great German naturalist, the latter showed the young student his laboratory, his cabinet, his magnificent library, and all his varied and costly apparatus. At length the dinner hour approached. Oken said to Agassiz: "Sir, to gather and maintain what you have seen uses up my income. To accomplish this I have to economise in my style of living. Three times in the week, we have meat on the table. On the other three days we dine on potatoes and salt. I regret that your visit has fallen on potato day." And so the naturalist, with the students of Oken, dined on potatoes and salt. In the charming biography of Mr. Ticknor one meets many similar instances in his intercourse with the scholars of Germany. He found men of world-wide fame living with the utmost frugality, that they might devote time and means to scientific research.

"OH, THAT I HAD A BIGGER BOAT!"—That was a grand and heroic speech of the Beckton boatman, who was the first to launch forth on the darkening waters of the Thames, at the cry of hundreds of drowning victims of the "Princess Alice" steamboat. This good man found a copious harvest of human lives, easily gathered in a moment, to the full of the small capacity of his boat. And seeing how soon he had gathered all he could accommodate, and hundreds still struggling—and the vast majority of them struggling in vain—with the waters, he exclaimed, "Oh that I had a bigger boat! I could save so many more." In a higher and nobler sense, this is the cry of all who are earnestly labouring to save souls from the overwhelming waters of sin and unbelief—Oh, for more and larger opportunities for doing good! Oh, for a bigger boat, to "rescue the perishing"—to rescue more drunkards, more blasphemers, more sinners, from the depths of woe in which they are engulfed!

ALL THE DAY IDLE.—A little girl who was sent out to look for eggs came back unsuccessful, and complained that "there were lots of hens standing around doing nothing."

THE BOY AND THE MAN.—In the school room, Tom used to pinch Hannah black and blue, out of pure hatefulness, knowing that she was too high-spirited to scream or to carry complaints to the teacher. Now Tom is the honoured preacher of a metropolitan church, and sports one of the showiest plumes on denominational parade days; but you could no more induce Hannah to hear him, or to believe in his professions, than you could coax her to trust a hyena. And when he used his influence to displace a neighbouring pastor, she was certain that he acted in the same hard and hateful spirit as when a school-boy. She knows just where the pinch comes in. 'Tis true; and 'tis a pity!

A SENSIBLE DOG.—Here is an anecdote that comes to us all the way from Australia:—"Sixty years ago, when I was a teacher in Kilmaleum parish, says John Frazer, I was using whisky bitters for my stomach's sake. One day I dipped a piece of cracker in it, and gave it to the dog. He ate it, curling up his lips to avoid the taste. Ere long he became tipsy—he howled most piteously, and naturally looked up into my face as if for help. He began to stagger and fall like a drunken man. He lay on the floor and howled until the effects of the drink wore off. This was supreme folly—it was wicked. The dog never forgot the trick. Whenever after I went to the press for the bottles he hastened to the outside of the house. One day, the door being closed, he sprang with one bound through a pane of glass, to get outside the door." So much for the wisdom of the dog—infinite surpassing foolish drinking man.

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